

JUST A SAMPLE.

MR. PERCY O'DONOVAN McTAVISH sends us a long poem of which we give a sample, but positively this is the last time we will publish any extract or portion of any verse bearing the title of

MUSKOKA.

Oh! speak not to me of the value of Avoka,
Or its charms loudly sung by the tuneful Tom Moore,
How can it compare to our own dear Muskoka,
Where the purring streams glide and the wild torrents roar?
Where the shanty man sings in his labors so risky,
Where the red Indian stands in his majestic night
Filled up to his neck with the famed frozen whiskey,
Brought up by the heebers to fight the good fight.
I sigh for the hum of the airy muskitter,
For the black fly, the "bull-dog," the fleet cariboo,
For the night owl who comes with his musical twitter,
And wakes up the woods with his loud whist! too whoo!
The scent of dried catfish hung up to the rafter
Steals over my senses like Araby's flowers;
But the settler who comes and immediately after
Dusts out shows his love is not love like to ours.

Now, see here, Percy, we publish this extract in order to warn others to hesitate ere it be too late; it would pay you to issue a circular to the rest of the gang, for should we after this get any more "Muskokas," a trusty emissary shall be sent out with a Winchester, and your doom will be sealed.



COMBINATION STATUE IN BRASS OF RIEL AND SIR JOHN.

THE *Mail's* funny man has invented the idea that Mr. Edgar means to collect funds for a monument to Riel in Queen's Park—of which monument it gives an ideal picture. The *Globe's* side-splitter comes out with a companion monument to Sir John. We submit our combination design to both committees, in the belief that it would commemorate transactions thoroughly typical of the career of both heroes. The party lash which whipped the ultra loyal into line after those events we have modified into the form in general use by those who wear the costume represented.

A ROMANCE IN THREE CHAPTERS.



MAID ONE!

MAID WON!

MAID ONE!

FICTION AND FACT.

(Concluded.)

IV.

HOW THE WORLD HEARS IT.

MR. WIGMORE, Q.C., was quite indisposed in court yesterday, so much so that he was compelled to ask for an adjournment of the case in which he was yesterday pleading the plaintiff's cause with his usual marked ability. He left the court-room evidently in great suffering, supported by two of his legal *confères*.

THE REALITY.

That old Lushington of a Q.C., Jack Wigmore, was so drunk in court yesterday that he couldn't go on with his case and had to be half-carried to a hack by a couple of friends, who saw him safe home.

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HOW THE WORLD HEARS IT.

MR. GRESHAM E. POLDOODLE, having decided to make the "grand tour," has made up his mind to sell his magnificent property, as he does not intend to return to Canada. Society circles will greatly regret to hear this.

THE REALITY.

Young Poldoodle who, a couple of years ago, was left a very fine property by his father, having run through all available cash and come to grief generally, is about to sell his estate and spend the remainder of his days in some German town where living is cheap. A good rid dance.

S.

A POET ANSWERED.

"MISTER GRIP: I enclose you a few verses for your paper. I have put all my soul into them. They are entitled 'Floral Crowns.' Please run over them. I think they will stand criticism. Yours, etc., A READER."

Just so, dear Reader. We also shall put all our sole on them. Before the dim eastern dawn bedecks the specks of dirt upon a plate-glass front to dazzling jewels, the printer's devil with a careless sweep of his destructive broom shall gather up the refuse and warm his numbed fingers at the shrine of your heart's devotion. Your words shall cheer one mortal's heart—no, we mean his fingers.

MUCH PLEASED.

* * WE are much pleased with your late improvements (in GRIP), and trust you will continue in the same line for many years to come.

Millbrook, Jan. 10.

W. K.